

The Celebrated
SONGS AND SWEDISH MELODIES
as Sung by

Jenny Lind.

SWEDISH.

THE ECHO PASTURE SONG. *Hörde Sang.*
THE HERDSMAN'S MOUNTAIN SONG. *På Berget Lindblad.*
LOVE SMILES NO MORE. *Tierran i Skog. Mountaineers Song.*
THE STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING. *Alt under Himmelens fäste.*
THE DANCE SONG. *Präty, präty Gär. Kom du lilla flickan.*
POST BOY'S RETURN. *Skjutts Cossen på hemvägen.*
WINTER WARMED INTO SHOWERS. *Cladjens blomsten i jordens.*
SEA KING'S BRIDE. *Neckens polska.*
MARINER. *Pångars dagen.*
WHAT ARE THE WORLD AND ITS PLEASURES. *Salocen och Skogen.*
UPON A SUMMER'S DAY. *En sommar dag.*
VOICE OF THE SPIRIT. *Anderost.*
FAREWELL TO LIFE'S OCEAN. *Langtan från Hlafvet.*
SONG OF SUMMER. *Om Sommaren.*
BRIGHT GOLDEN STREAMLET.

OPERATIC.

WHEN I WAS QUITTING NORMAN BOWERS *Quando il lascial la Normandie.*
ASK ME NOT WHY. *Quando il Destino.*
IS IT A DREAM. *Somnambulists' Song. E un sogno ancora.*
FEAR NOT FOND YOUTH. *Non Paventer.*

BALLADS.

ECHO OF THE VALLEY.
FAREWELL MY COTTAGE DEAR.
JENNY LIND'S LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.
OH, SUMMER MORN.
I WATCHED THE DEW UPON THE GRASS.
THE DREAM. *Idream of my fatherland.*
FAREWELL MY FATHERLAND.
MY HOME, MY HAPPY HOME.
I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS,
IN INFANCY WHEN YOUNG AND GAY.
TAKE THIS LUTE.

NEW YORK Published at WM. VANDERBEEK'S 479 Broadway.

A. FIOD Philadelphia.

H.D. HEWITT New Orleans.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF
OF THE COUNTY OF
SHERBORN
HANTS
1892

Small amount

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WINTER WARMED INTO SHOWERS

GLÄDJENS BLOM SER I JORDENS.

SUNG BY

Mlle. JENNY LIND.

English Version by

J. WREY MOULD,

Composed by

AHLSTROM.

NEW YORK, Published at VANDERBEEK'S 479 Broadway.

VOCE

Molto Moderato

Glädjens blom - er i jor - dens mull ack! risst al - drig gro; Kar - lek sielf ju för.

Winter warm'd in to showers, Melted in liquid pain; Summer then with her

... sat - lig ar för ditt hjer - tos ro. men - der of - ran for hoppog tro,

flowers, Burst on the hill and plain. They are part of a lovely brood,

blomy tra de eva . . gt friska. Hör du ej hur an . dar Guft om den till lyir . tal

Children of spring and summer, Who can spy the peeping snowdrop, And not hail the

p *pp*

hirska. Hör du ej hur an . dar Guft om den till lyir . tal hirska.

comer? Who can spy the peeping snowdrop, And not hail the comer?

pp *p*

Thus the young human bosom, Trammeld by

cres *rall* *p*

infant years, Yields not earth's fairest blossom, Knows not her sweetest tears;

p

Till the spring of en-ripen'd youth Spreads o'er the soul protection,

Then the dew on cheek that blusheth, Shews the heart's affection, blooming

blusheth Shows the heart's affection, blooming

Birch

3

Flow'rs are often times gather'd,
 Priz'd for their fragrant worth,
 Then when beauty has wither'd
 Cast on the naked earth;
 So the blossom of sacred love,
 Oft from its home unbower'd,
 Priz'd a moment then rejected,
 Falls defac'd, deflower'd.
 Priz'd a moment then rejected,
 Falls defac'd, deflower'd.

